

Waiting For Jake

by Lily Aoibheann

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Summary: Cassie reflects on her love life. J/C.

Waiting For Jake

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> waiting Title: Waiting For Jake

>Author: Lily Aoibheann
Rating: PG maybe.

>Summary: Cassie thinks about Jake. Well that's real descriptive. I

suck at summaries.

>Feedback: Please?
Author's Notes: I was trying to work on that
J/C fic I promised when

>this came to me. *sigh* This one's more fluffy than angsty. The next

one will be angsty I promise. This version is not the final one.
I need

>feedback guys, tell me how to make it better. <p>(Cassie) <p>

I smooth my skirt for the tenth time in about five minutes and

>look nervously at the clock. 6:47. Jake's supposed to be here at

7:00. We are going on a date. A real date with movies and popcorn

>and sodas and hopefully kissing. Not a date that includes 4 other

Animorphs and possible death.

> <p>

Rachel had come over earlier to help me get ready. She'd refused to

>let me wear anything of mine, seeing as I'm apparently fashionably

impaired. So now I'm decked out in one of her outfits, and
feeling

>very thankful that the skirt that's a mini on her goes down to my

knees. It's black and floral and not at all me but Rachel has
assured

>me I look great. Just a half-an-hour ago I was sitting patiently

while she fussed with my face and my hair, having no clue

>what-so-ever what all those little tubes and powders were for.

<p>

When she finally let me look in the mirror I saw someone I didn't
>know. It just wasn't me. After Rachel left I darted into the

bathroom to remove all the make-up. But I kept the outfit.

I'm not use to this kind of attention. Guys are always looking at
>Rachel. Tall, blonde, beautiful, with flawless skin and great dress

sense. She's the star; I'm just the understudy waiting in the
wings.
>I'd be jealous if she wasn't my best friend. I am jealous. Or at

least I use to be.

It seems I've always been waiting for him.

I've never been the popular one or the beautiful one. And it doesn't
>matter at all. Jake loves me. It doesn't matter to him that I don't

fit into that cookie-cutter mold of beauty that Rachel does. He
likes
>that girl who wears too-short jeans covered in muck and mismatched

socks. He likes that girl who would rather take care of animals
then
>go to the mall. He loves me. He thinks I'm beautiful.

The doorbell startles me out of my trance and I leap up off the
>stairs. Looking in the mirror I quickly smooth out my shirt again
and
make sure my hair clips are straight before rushing to the
door.
>It's 7:00, Jake is here and I don't have to wait anymore. <p>

End
file.